

The



Cheer

"For St. Joe

and Success"

VOL. XVII.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1924

No. 8

COLLEGIANS NOSE OUT BROOK IN THRILLING ENCOUNTER 23-22

St. Joe's flashy cage quintet proved its sterling fighting qualities on the evening of December 22, when it defeated the powerful and speedy Brook aggregation, 23 to 22, in one of the most desperately fought struggles ever witnessed at Collegeville. It was an uphill fight nearly all the way for the Red and Purple cagemen, but they were grimly determined to win; and that resolute refusal to accept defeat was undoubtedly the principal cause for their victory. For the St. Joe lads won largely because of their nerve, as the Red Birds were unquestionably one of the best teams seen here for some time. The visitors led the Saints by three points, three minutes before the finish, but timely baskets by Liebert and Klocker, a few minutes before the final gun ended the game, gave St. Joe a well earned victory.

Red Birds Get Flying Start

The Brook tossers were powerful, rangy athletes; and their passing, shooting and floor work left little to be desired. They hopped off to a flying start immediately after the first tip-off. A field goal and a free throw by Wilfs, together with a basket by W. Lyons gave Brook a five point lead before St. Joe had registered a single point. Captain Hoffman then started the local column by scoring a free throw which he duplicated about two minutes later. It was evident from the start that the Red and Purple captain was a marked man as he was trailed closely and fouled frequently. Before the first half was over Coach Radican sent in Boone for Koors; and the Kentucky lad's first appearance on the floor was greeted by wild cheering from the stands. The Saints were fighting hard now, and gradually checked the Brook advance. Klocker, Liebert and Boone each contributed a free throw which knotted the count at 5-5. Then Klocker rung up a field goal shortly before the half ended. Brook was roughing

the play when the gun ended the half. Score: St. Joe 7; Brook 5.

Excitement Rules As Saints Win

Referee Clearwater called the players together for instructions before the start of the second half; and from then on the playing was faster and cleaner. Boone and Liebert each added a field goal which gave St. Joe a total of eleven points. Then Brook started a whirlwind offensive which netted them nine points before the Collegians could stem the tide.

Second Half Exciting

Hoffman now left his trailers in the dust and shot a long field goal to which he added a free throw a few moments later. Soon after the score was a 14 to 14 tie with both teams making super-human efforts. The rooting had assumed the proportions of a deafening roar; and the excitement of the onlookers was intense. Wilfs had advanced the visitors score to 22 points while Hoffman, Klocker and Liebert pushed the St. Joe total to 19, when the time keeper announced that but three more minutes of time remained. Then the Saints tore in with a final mighty effort during which Liebert tossed a field goal. On the last tip-off, Klocker dribbled to the foul line and sank the winning basket. Final score, St. Joe 23; Brook 22.

Captain Hoffman's floor work was excellent; and even though closely watched the big center managed to

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FATHER LINNEMANN'S MOTHER DIES THURSDAY

The mother of Father Alexander Linneman passed away at her home in Fort Wayne Thursday morning. Her death came rather unexpected although her condition had been desperate for several months. Burial will take place from the Church of the Precious Blood at Fort Wayne.

C. L. S. HOLDS ELECTION; SCHMELZER PRESIDENT

The first meeting of the Columbian Literary Society for 1925 was held Sunday, January 11. After the various officers had read their reports the members took up the matter of the election of officers for the ensuing term. The following were elected unanimously: Sylvester Schmelzer, President; Urban Wimmers, Vice President; Charles Boldrick, Secretary; Alphonse Hoffman, Treasurer. A three-cornered race for Critic resulted in the choice of Ralph Mueller over Russel Scheidler and Clemens Koors. Next an Executive Committee consisting of John Byrne, Russell Scheidler and Harry Estadt was elected. Carl Zehnder was selected as Marshal by the Reverend Moderator. Sylvester Schmelzer and S. Ziemer continue as state managers. A short meeting for the purpose of installing the new officers will be held tomorrow.

LOCAL KNIGHTS HOLD ENJOYABLE MEETING HERE

Tuesday evening the local Knights of Columbus proved themselves genial hosts to their many brother Knights who attended the meeting held in the Raleigh Club. Grand Knight Dan Morrissey presided. During the course of the meeting plans were discussed for the annual initiation and it was tentatively agreed to hold this some time in May. All candidates must be eighteen years of age or older.

After the business meeting a short program was given. Perhaps the most enjoyable part of the evenings entertainment was the rendition of a number of musical selections by a trio of Remington "Caseys." At the close of the meeting a delicious oyster stew was served. The entire evening was a most enjoyable one.

The mid-year examinations are just around the corner. Are you prepared?

COLLEGIANS NOSE OUT BROOK

(Continued from page 1)

score frequently. Klocker played the greatest game of his career. He was always in the scramble for the ball. In addition to his accurate passing and shooting this lad has an excellent habit of following up shots. Liebert is also credited with his best showing to date. His guarding was good and his shooting and floor work was second to none. Scheidler, at back guard, took considerable punishment but he was the greatest defensive player on his team. His bounding and blocking tactics were a feature of the Saints' defensive work. Koors though hampered by injuries played well while in the game. And Boone, who took his place, worked surprisingly well with his team-mates, his play being fast and aggressive. In short, every St. Joe player gave his utmost to the game; and every man deserves his full share of credit for the victory.

That Captain Wilfs starred for Brook, his 14 of the visitors' 22 points will show. W. Lyons was also a dangerous shot. Throughout the Red Birds played a flashy game in which their team work was admirable.

The lineup follows:

St. Joe (23)

	B	F	P
Klocker, rf.	3	1	0
Koors, lf.	0	0	0
Boone, lf.	1	1	0
Hoffman, c. (C)	2	3	0
Liebert, rg.	2	2	1
Scheidler, lg.	0	0	3

Brook Red Birds (22)

	B	F	P	T
Long, rf.	1	0	0	0
Wilfs, lf. (C)	6	2	3	1
Lyons, W., c.	1	2	1	0
Lyons, R., rg.	1	0	3	0
Cory, rg.	0	0	0	0
McCabe, lg.	0	0	3	0

Referee—Clearwater.

Timekeeper—Estadt, Hans.

ST. JOE-FRANCESVILLE GAME A FARCE; SCORE 32-11

Wednesday evening the Red and Purple quintet, without any fault of their own, won a loosely contested game from Francesville on the local court by the score of 32-11. The game, if it may be called such, was merely a case of one team being worse than the other. The fight, spirit, and speed, so prominent in the Collegians pre-holiday victories, were utterly lacking. To put it optimistically, the defense was mediocre, and the floorwork and basket shooting of a calibre as low as these qualities had been high in the former games.

The first half started out fairly well with St. Joe taking the lead after a few moments of play and holding it throughout. But the listlessness that so characterized the game soon appeared, and from then on the interest lagged. Only once did the ghost of the Saints' former speed and dash manifest itself. Francesville fought hard but as an opponent for a real college team they are not to be considered. The half ended with the Red and Purple on top 16-6.

As has been stated the first half was bad, but the second period was worse. It was more than this, it was a farce. Mr. Hoffman, it seems, conceived the brilliant idea to turn the affair into a burlesque, and well he succeeded, much to the disgust of the galleries. There was very little basket ball played in the second half. Be it said, however, that some of the local men did try, but they were simply off color. The affair ended none too soon for the good of the sport with the score: St. Joe 32, Francesville 11.

That a basketball game should be permitted to degenerate into such a disgusting spectacle is beyond the comprehension of the writer. When things happen such as occurred Wednesday evening the necessary steps to squash them should be taken.

Well, the game is over and here is one writer who hopes the Red and Purple team drops the quasi Nick Altrock tactics and gives the fans the brand of basket ball it is capable of playing.

Lineup and Summary:

St. Joe (32)

	B	F	P	T
Klocker, rf.	3	0	2	0
Byrne, rf.	1	0	0	0
Boone, lf.	0	1	0	0
Koors, lf.	4	2	2	0
Hoffman, c. (C)	6	1	2	0
Liebert, rg.	0	0	1	0
Ameling, rg.	0	0	0	2
Schmelzer, lg.	0	0	1	0
Scheidler, lg.	0	0	1	0

Francesville (11)

	B	F	P	T
Jackson, rf. (C)	2	0	0	0
Wolfe, rf.	0	2	0	0
Cords, lf.	1	1	1	0
Rhinehart, lf.	0	0	0	0
Overman, rg.	0	0	3	0
Kopka, lg.	0	0	2	0
Fenstermaker, lf.	0	2	0	0

Referee—Clearwater.

Timekeeper—Estadt, H.

Student Convalescing

Oscar Sieben, who was stricken with acute appendicitis and removed to a Chicago hospital for operation early in December, is now rapidly convalescing. We are told that he may return to St. Joe within the next fortnight.

"BELIEVE ME, XANTIPPE" SCORES NOTABLE TRIUMPH

The peak of the pre-Christmas dramatic season was reached the evening of December 21, in the presentation of "Believe Me, Xantippe" by the Columbian Literary Society. And a lofty peak it was.

The excellence of the production was due, first to the nature of the play itself: a modern, real-life comedy by a well known playwright; and secondly, to the cast. The present writer will not essay to heap praises on the members of that cast. His few words would fall far short of the reward that lies in the satisfaction of knowing that their efforts produced a play that will, we firmly believe, stand out in C. L. S. history. To have been a member of that cast is an honor; and each participant in "Believe Me, Xantippe," deserves the unstinted congratulations of everyone. Nor was there one outstanding character and all the rest "furniture"—the success of the play depended on each individual, and each "came through."

Harry Estadt, of course, in the leading male role exhibited a dramatic talent that is truly remarkable. He acted a difficult part with an ease and naturalness that controlled his audience from the very beginning. He was especially good in the first act, but this does not mean that his characterization lagged at times. On the contrary, he was consistency itself.

Opposite him played Francis Schwendeman in the exacting role of Dolly Kamman, the beautiful daughter of a Colorado sheriff. Female impersonation is, perhaps, the most difficult and thankless role any actor can perform. Every move of the female impersonator is scrutinized and criticized unmercifully. We all know how well Schwendeman succeeded. His acting played a great part in assuring the success of the whole play.

Besides these two principal actors, the following deserve especial mention: Leo Higi, the sure-shooting sheriff, and Cornelius Dobmeyer, the obliging jailer. The rest of the cast carried out their parts with more than common-place ability.

Much credit is due the stage managers. These men play parts which the audience never sees, but without them there could be no plays. They toil and sweat unseen that the spectators may be pleased.

Hardly less important is the Orchestra, which under Professor Tonner's able direction plays very admirably for our amusement.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL:
THE UNACCOMPLISHED MUSICIAN

For the last ten years or so I have been receiving reports from persons who had the misfortune to live anywhere within a radius of two miles of my birthplace, informing me that by now I should be official announcer for some broadcasting station, and every one of them base their argument on the fact that from my birth till the age of four I broadcasted very profusely every time I did not approve of the actions of any of my associates. I mention this merely to show you that from my early childhood I was capable of carrying a tune. My ability however in this art has steadily diminished for some time and at the last official test my voice had the large or rather wide range of four notes, and then it took nearly thirty minutes to obtain the half octave which was in low G.

Therefore, it is from my former ability that I hope to instruct you in this dangerous occupation, especially dangerous if bricks are plentiful and near at hand. If you are prone to break into music I advise you to get the keys to avoid the inconvenience of breaking in every time.

The scale is one of the fundamentals of music but as it begins with dough and ends with the same I believe it is too expensive for most of us. If your neighbor's chickens have the habit of gaining admission to your garden or flower bed the most effective way to get even with him is to obtain the latest popular song and sing it continuously for several weeks. If you wish to make this experiment now, procure the latest jazz hit entitled "Umpha." Unfortunately I do not know the entire song but the first line is something like "Umpha ever blowing bubbles." In case your favorite music dealer cannot supply you with this curse of the gods just keep repeating the first line, till the desired effect is obtained.

If you are interested in instrumental music I advise you not to play a drum for people will not trust you as you might beat it any time. Playing a wind instrument will also prove detrimental to your reputation as you will always be blowing about yourself. It is best to play a piano as it is upright and square. In playing a piano please remember that you are to use the white keys when your hands are clean, at all other times use the black ones.

If your main ambition in life is to become an artist it is best to desist from submitting your dome to the ravages of a tonsorial artist for several years and to change your name to something like Alphonsius Paderwiski Chackolovoskesky.

As jazz is the prevailing form of music it is only reasonable that we consider it at least briefly in this

course. If you play fast and make many mistakes you are said to play jazz. A jazz orchestra is a group of citizens hired to play static. I once knew a radio bug who invited a number of friends to come over and listen to his radio and as usual on such occasions the only thing he could get was static. He told his guests that he was receiving nothing but jazz and they still believe that they were listening to Paul Whiteman himself.

Among the animals the cat holds the reputation of being the best musician while a hound that is "pouring forth its full heart in profuse strains of unpremeditated art" is a close second.

WM. FRIEMOTH, '25.

THE DEAR OLD KEY RING

"Keys, keys, keys, the ringing and the jingling of the keys, keys, keys."

Today Poe would not be within the walls of a boarding school for ten minutes before he would get one of his well known 'jags' on and write a poem something like the above.

In this enlightened age perhaps one of the most beloved and treasured of all keys is the one to "My Cellar." A man will let his small son play with his watch or even with his diamond stick pin, but let the boy ask for his key ring—Oh no! There are important keys on there. The little lad keeps nagging and finally asks his dad bluntly:

"Dad, what's all those keys for?"

"Never mind, you can't have them. Now leave me alone."

"Aw gee, Dad, cantcha tell a feller what's so important about your ol' key ring?"

"I tell you for the last time now—leave me alone and go to bed."

But after the little shaver had gone to bed the thoughts of the key ring come back to the father and he gives his right trouser pocket a pat more like a fond caress than any thing else, and says: "By Joe, let's see now what's so important about these keys." Then he begins to enumerate them: "There is the key to the car, and the one to the cellar, Gosh, and the one to the shack up north. I'll have to take a trip up there one of these days and see all the boys. I wonder how the deer are running this year. Gee, but a good piece of venison would go fine now. I'll have to take that kid up there next year; he'd like the place." A few more keys are named and then he comes to the ones he had forgot he had, but won't throw away because they 'might come in handy some time,' and so on till he finds his key ring has but a few important keys—the rest are just old friends.

As a rule when we think of a key

we imagine a slender piece of nickel plated iron, an instrument with but one purpose—to lock and unlock a door. The young boy on the other hand sees a thousand and one uses for a key. Today it holds an honored place on his key ring and is used first as a screw driver, then as a key, and perhaps, as a very fine tool to scratch his initials on his desk at school. Tomorrow—that is another day—the key has lost its fascination but not its usefulness. Maybe you will find it on the bottom of a small string weighting down a worm to lure some member of the finny tribe. All young boys know what a key is, and that it can be used in a trade for a big red apple or for a kite.

To name all the keys and their uses would take page upon page and even then my subject would be left unfinished, but there is one key and one ring for every man. One that we all dream about and long for is "The key to the city." We can all imagine ourselves in our glory and envied by the crowd. We want to be great and we want the world to see our greatness.

You and I have our key ring. Take it up and think of and fondle each forgotten key. Can you name all the keys? Ah, then, you have solved one of life's great puzzles if you can name and place each key in the right lock.

Malcolm De Shone, '25.

"HE NEVER FORGETS"

Do you think because your heart aches

With a bitter, cruel pain,
And your life's sweet, happy sunshine
Is shadowed by storm and rain,
And the music is hushed and silenced

Till you hear but the undertone,
That the dear Lord Jesus forgets you?

He never forgets his own.

Do you thing that because the sorrow

All human hearts must know,
Has come to you or the darling
You loved and cherished so,
And things that you want have vanished,

The things you would call your own,
That the dear Lord Jesus forgets you?

He never forgets His own.

And we're all His own dear children,
And He holds us all dear

As you do your own dear wee one
Who creeps to your heart so near;
And if we will only listen

We can hear His tender tone:
"Oh, rest in peace, My children;
I never forget My own.—Selected.

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EDITORIALS

TO A BEREAVED FAMILY

Again it is our painful duty to chronicle a death; this time that of the mother of Father Linnemann. The All-Father in His goodness, "giveth and taketh away," and we in this vale of tears can only bow to His omnipotent will. The loss of a mother is indeed, a trying one. In behalf of the student body the CHEER expresses their word of sympathy to the bereaved family. May God have mercy on her soul, and may her soul and the soul of all the faithful departed rest in peace.

OUR LOSS

Truly, death is an impartial agent. But a short month ago we were shocked to hear of the death of Bishop Alerding, and now hard on the heels of that report comes the passing of Archbishop Moeller. The thief has stolen two noble characters from this world.

Far from ideal were the conditions in the dioceses of these respective prelates when first they were consecrated. But time and labor have changed these wildernesses into fruitful vineyards of the Lord. The progressive measures begun by these energetic members of the hierarchy shall with measured tread revivify the memory of these noble men as their work continues to march forward. In their demise, not only Catholicism, but humanity in general has lost two staunch benefactors.

Bishop Alerding, a scholar and a broad-minded character, was an advocate of true education and our own St. Joseph's College was ever dear to him. In him the Catholic press had a vigorous champion and in this respect he has accomplished much for our holy faith. Perhaps the greatest accomplishment of the late prelate, however, was the work he did for the foreign element in northwestern Indiana. Among all these people of different nationalities and tongues the kindly old Bishop labored zealously to save their faith. And well he succeeded, for today they have pastors, church-

es, schools and hospitals, and in doing this for these aspiring-to-be Americans, Bishop Alerding has not only benefitted his Church but also his country.

Archbishop Moeller, a kindly character and a sympathetic friend to all who knew him, was an eminent churchman. As to his scholarly attainments, he had many. His official documents are a ready proof of this statement, and his love of learning undoubtedly was at the root of his energetic educational endeavors. At the time of his death he was engrossed in the details of an arch-diocesan system of free high schools. The beautiful, recently-completed, St. Mary's of the West Seminary at Norwood is one of the monuments that will perpetuate his name. Mission work, as well as charitable and social welfare also came in for much of his time, all of them tasks which he performed in his usual masterly way.

Much more could be written about these two staunch defenders of Catholicism but our words are fleeting, their deeds permanent. Guided by a zeal of remarkable intensity these prelates have earned their crown in the Master's service. By their deaths humanity has lost, but the heavenly kingdom has gained.

BACK TO THE GRIND

Now that the joys of the gay holiday season have flitted past we might as well get back in the harness and take up our various tasks where we left off before vacation. Usually after every vacation there is a great deal of time lost in thinking of past pleasures and in bewailing the fact that we must get into a drab routine once more. There is only one remedy for this malady among students, and that remedy is real, honest-to-goodness work.

Ever so often we are told that there is no royal road to learning. And yet, nothing is more characteristic of human nature than to dwell on joyous experiences. But since life is not all joy, we must take the bitter with the sweet and make ourselves like it. So, put aside the past and with a zest plunge into whatever may be your task.

ARE YOU A QUITTER?

How the world hates a quitter and loves a fighter! A few weeks ago the thousands in the Rose Bowl at Pasadena, California, and the still more countless thousands who heard the Notre Dame-Stanford game over the radio, were thrilled with admiration when the Notre Dame line, outweighed, out-charged and wearied by the gruelling contest under the California sun, held the charging Stanford full back for "downs" six inches from their goal line,

We all admire such an exhibition of pluck because it shows that the men are fighters. On the other hand nobody has much use for a quitter. But has the thought ever occurred to you that all of us are quitters in some thing? In the smallest as well as in the greatest undertakings there are quitters.

In the parlance of the turf, a 'quitter' is a horse that gives up just as he nears the finishing tape; he has not the fighting heart. How many of us are there who often in our daily life steer clear of a duty or do it half-heartedly and slovenly just because it is small and the crowd does not see. That is quitting. How many of us there are who close our book with an exercise half completed or a lesson half learned? In other words we quit as we round the quarter pole and come down the 'home-stretch.' Yes, indeed, there are many of us who give up under the stress of a task; we are yellow.

When a horse quits, all the spurring and the lashing with the quirt and spurs and a jockey that gets results if we but obey them. Our conscience is the jockey, and it goads us on with the help of our will. With such efficient helps there is no reason why we should quit; and once this evil has been remedied we shall cross the line in the race of life.

VALUABLE DONATION TO THE LIBRARY

The Library of St. Joseph's College wishes to acknowledge the receipt from an unknown donor of the following valuable books:

Knights of Columbus Historical Series:

Bemis: Jay's Treaty.
Schreiner: Cables and Wireless.
Benson: Merchant Marine.
Bau: Open Door Doctrine.

Knights of Columbus Racial Contribution Series:

DuBois: Gift of Black Folks.
Schrader: Germans in the Making of America.
Cohen: Jews in the Making of America.

The above named books are works upon which experts in the various fields exerted every ounce of their ability to produce authoritative material. They are a valuable addition to any library, and St. Joseph's Library wishes to avail itself of the present opportunity to express its appreciation of the gift.

"A fellow just told me I looked like you."

"Where is he? I'll knock his block off."

"I just killed him."—Country Gentleman.

HIRAM GETS BACK SAFE

Collegdeville, ind.

Dere Paw:

Wal i arrived back 2 skule o. k. last Wed. nite. The trane was 1 hr and a haf late gittin 2 indianapolis. ges the engineer was sore at somebody on the trane. We went in the Uynun station. i ges they call it unyan caus everyone must be a unyan man 2 work their. They got a check room 'n everythin. Now paw this check room aint got nothing to do with a bank so don't get uneasy. Their is also an informashun brewery but nothing doin again on what u think, caus they dont tell u where 2 git liker but nearly what time the tranes leave. Them gies knows everythin. i ges it must be a natural trate of railroaders 4 old Bill Jinks back 2 home thinks he knows everythin two. The gie with me wanted 2 sea the shaikspere play but i dont like them wild west shows so he went by himself.

This x-word puzzle bizness mite be o. k. but i have had enuf experance with cross dogs not to monkey with anythin cross. Wile we wuz in indianapolis i was introduced to my pals sister and she said she was awful glad 2 meat me so i didnt want her to be nervous and i told her that that was all rite, us colledgers sure do make em fall.

i spose everythin is quite down 2 Turkey Crick with all the cutups gone away. It sure must be tuff 2 live in a small town. The cheer (thats the colledge paper) is comin out agin and i gie wanted me 2 suscribe but i told him i git the papers frum home sum times.

Wal june is a long ways off but times fly so it wont be long now till u meet me at the stashun with the old gray teem and the hay rick.

Wal i must clothes now and study. Tell Mommer i shore enjoyed them eats and tell her i didn't ketch cold on the trane.

good bi

and good luck

HIRAM.

A poodle is a secret-police dog.

IT COULDN'T BE DONE

Somebody said that it couldn't be done,

But he with a chuckle replied

That maybe it couldn't, but he would be one

Who wouldn't say so 'till he tried.

So he buckled right in, with a trace of a grin

On his face; if he worried he hid it, He started to sing as he tackled the thing

That couldn't be done—and he did it.

Somebody scoffed, "Oh you'll never do that—

At least no one ever has done it."

But he took off his coat and he took off his hat

And the first thing we knew he'd begun it.

With a lift of his chin and a bit of a grin

Without any doubting or quiddit, He started to sing as he tackled the thing

That couldn't be done—and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done;

There are thousands to prophesy failure;

There are thousands to point out to you, one by one,

The dangers that wait to assail you. But just buckle in with a bit of a grin, Then take off your coat and go to it. Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing

That cannot be done—and you'll do it.

—Contributed.

Did you ever—

Try to ride on a train of thought? Sweep the corridors of time?

—The Antonian.

RALSTON? Most certainly! And as usual right up-to-the-moment in style. Better come in early and look them over : : :

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Lunch

CHEERY CHOKES

Now that everyone is back in harness, and all flush with good resolutions we might as well see if anyone has resolved to quit knocking.

* * * *

A certain lad we know made this reply on hearing that the C. L. S. was to give a royalty play:

"Aw, gee, I never did like those about kings and queens and pages and that stuff."

* * * *

Origin of Popular Phrases

"Believe Me, Xantippe": Socrates used this plea quite often on his better half.

"Safety First," mumbled Horace as he galloped from Philippi.

* * * *

Encyclopedia Collegeville

Horse Pistol: A grown up Colt.

Apricot: A sport model prune.

* * * *

Ike: "Can you use four consecutive letters in front of the word 'Gold Fish' and make a sentence?"

Mike: "I bite. Let's hear it."

Ike: "A-B-C-D Gold Fish."

* * * *

Now that the Christmas vacation is over, someone might as well start the annual hoax about going home on account of an epidemic.

In case you don't know, George Ade is not a soft drink.

* * * *

Ain't this a fine world? We speak of soft coal and hard water. Yep, it's the eighteenth amendment.

* * * *

A certain stude says his sweetie is so hot she smokes.

* * * *

We learn from the Cross-Word Puzzle that:

An Indian baby is a caboose.

An Indian tent is a wigwag, or toupee.

A flirt is a croquette.

An injection of serum is an epidemic.

A long peg is a steak.

* * * *

Prof. (in religion): "Who was the first boy mentioned in the Bible?"

Bright Stude: "Chap. I."

* * * *

The Class song of the Sixths has been selected: "There's a Long, Long Trail."

* * * *

"Why do you paint the inside of the chicken coop?" she asked the farm hand.

"To keep the hens from pecking the grain out of the wood," he told her.

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Candies, Cookies
and Eats at our
Grocery.

Supply Your Needs At

Murray's

DEPARTMENT STORE

Florsheim Shoes

Coopers Underwear

Hart Schaffner

and Marx Clothes

Hilliard & Hamill

A Fine Store for Young Men

Fine Ice Cream

Cocoa Cola

MACK & COMPANY

Bottled Soda Water

MONON, INDIANA

GILMORE'S SANITARY BARBER SHOP

A. F. LONG & SON

Druggists and Stationers
Cameras and Films
Ice Cream and Sodas
Phone 53

CLARKE -- The Jeweler

Where Quality and Service
Count—Watch Repairing
a Specialty

HARRY A. WILD

BUICK HUDSON ESSEX

Phone 47

Tailoring Mending
RENSELAER DRY CLEAN-
ING WORKS

The College Dry Cleaner
Pressing Dry Cleaning

Two Good Places to Eat
Home and

HOTEL MAKEEVER

E. F. DUVALL, D. D. S' DENTIST

In Geo. E. Murray Building.

DR. ARTHUR G. CATT
OPTOMETRIST

Eyes Examined—Glasses Fitted
Lenses Ground in our own
grinding department.

Fendig's
EXCLUSIVE SHOE STORE
The place to buy your footwear,
hosiery, and athletic footwear.
OUR SLOGAN:
"Perfect Fitting and Service"

You can't play with mud and remain clean.

Sheepskins are not as highly prized as they used to be in Colleges; everyone wears them now.

"Guts," says Mr. K. K. Rockne, "is intestinal fortitude."

The fellow that said, "Go West Young Man," said a mouthful, agrees the Notre Dame football squad.

"Flunked in Latin, flunked in Greek" We heard him softly hiss,
"I'd like to find the guy who said That ignorance is bliss."

Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Kick and you kick alone;
For the cheerful grin will get you in
Where the kicker is never known.

When you're feeling blue—shake it.
Life is only what you make it.

An invention that would revolutionize industry: rubber beads—they wouldn't rattle.

Why do we use mosquito nets?
To protect the mosquito.

"Did you ever hear the story about the Iroquois river?"

"No. Tell me."

"I can't. It's too dirty."

Only one man graduated from the Electoral College. Well, we Seniors are hoping for the best.

"Moods and Tenses"
I'd like to be a could-be
If I could not be an are,
For a could-be is a may-be
With a chance of touching par.
I'd rather be a has-been
Than a might-have-been by far,
For a might-have-been has never been,
But a has-been was an are.
—CORNELL WIDOW.

Antitheses
"Now tell me, what is the opposite of misery?"
"Happiness," said the class in unison.
"And sadness?" she asked.
"Gladness."
"And the opposite of woe?"
"Giddap!" shouted the enthusiastic class.—Good Hardware.

The best sellers are called the book of the year because nobody will read them next year.

**This is the 8th Cheer
Twelve More Coming**

Subscribe Now

We rebuild 'em to look and wear like new.

The College Shoe Shop

H. G. ABBETT CO.

Successors to John Healy

Office Phone 456

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IROQUOIS ROLLER MILLS

Ralph Sprague, Prop.

Manufacturers of Hard and Soft Wheat Flour

BUCKWHEAT, GRAHAM, RYE and PANCAKE FLOURS

FEEDS OF ALL KINDS

The Clothing House of Wm. Traub

CLOTHING AND FURNISHINGS

Priced to Get Customers

Quality to Keep Them

PHILIP J. FRECHETTE

"QUALITY CANDIES PRICED RIGHT"

Our Complete Line Carried by
by the

Collegeville Candy Company

IF IT IS TO EAT WE
HAVE IT

Quality Grocery

W. C. WORDEN, - - Phone 58
In Trust & Savings Bank Bldg.

GEORGE W. REED

DAILY PAPERS, MAGAZINES,
CANDIES, CIGARS, ETC.

LEE RAMEY

TAXI AND BAGGAGE

Your Patronage Solicited

LOWRY'S STUDIO

"Home of Quality Pictures."

PORTRAITS

KODAK FINISHING

MAIL ORDERS SOLICITED

Thomas M. Callahan

The Place to Buy your
COAL

R. Beck

Cleaning, Pressing
and Repairing

WE CATER TO THE COLLEGE
AND SCHOOL TRADE AND
CARRY A FULL LINE OF
THEIR SUPPLIES—

FENDIG'S

Rexall Drug Store

Rensselaer Republican

Fine Job Printing

SAINTS MEET ANTHONY WAYNE INSTITUTE TONIGHT

The St. Joe basketball squad left this morning for Fort Wayne where they will meet Anthony Wayne Institute tonight. Coach Radican and the following men made the trip: Captain Hoffman, Byrne, Klocker, Leibert, Scheidler, Koors, Boone and Schmelzer.

EXCHANGES

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges:

The Christmas numbers of:

The Antonian, Santa Barbara, California.

The Star, Buffalo, N. Y.

St. Paul's College Record, Covington, Ky.

Also:

The Pacific Star, St. Benedict's, Oregon.

St. Paul's College Record, for January.

For Forty Years

the leading specialists in
supplying the institutional
table.

Current Price List on Request.

John Sexton & Co.

Wholesale Grocers Chicago

Branches at Strategic Shipping Points

The First National Bank

Pays Four Per Cent. Interest on
its Savings Accounts

You are always welcome
at this Bank

SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES
FOR RENT

PALACE THEATRE

Wednesday, Thursday, Jan. 21-Jan 22

Emerson Hough's masterpiece

"NORTH OF 36"